

Moments

by ahattab33

Have you ever thought about those moments that really defined your life? The ones that were pivotal, life-altering? They can be as obvious as your wedding day, as defining as the birth of your child...or as small as a moment in time, as subtle as a glance between one person and another.

The greatest moments of our lives can sometimes be the shortest and simplest of them all.

A missing moment from the Half-Blood Prince. Inspired by the Harry/Ginny poster released for the movie.

Moments

Chapter 1 of 1

Have you ever thought about those moments that really defined your life? The ones that were pivotal, life-altering? They can be as obvious as your wedding day, as defining as the birth of your child...or as small as a moment in time, as subtle as a glance between one person and another.

The greatest moments of our lives can sometimes be the shortest and simplest of them all.

A missing moment from the Half-Blood Prince. Inspired by the Harry/Ginny poster released for the movie.

You dress for breakfast that morning alone as your roommates are still sleeping. He goes to breakfast earlier than they. So, you get up earlier, yawning as you move around to get ready. Hermione smiles at you from the bottom of the stairwell; it's funny how easy routines can change, but at the same time, how quickly something can become a routine. Walking to breakfast with her has become routine this term. She doesn't ask too many questions but is satisfied enough with your smile every morning and every evening, although Hermione is someone you wouldn't mind talking with. Maybe later, when your brother stops being such an arrogant waste of space.

Breakfast is a quiet affair, much as usual: small chatter and a quick peck goodbye as you head your separate ways. But this morning ends differently. He pulls you to the side to ask in hushed tones if you'd like to have something of a date tonight. You wink roguishly at him, kiss him quickly, and run to class with his departing grin imprinted in your memory, distracting you during Herbology and History of Magic.

It's now late, almost curfew, and you are standing nervously outside the portrait hole. You've spent time alone with him, had frequent snogging sessions, even gotten him to open up to you and talk, so why you are nervous... you don't know. You get the flutters and nerves every time, but when he smiles slightly anxiously himself, the butterflies, while still there, give you the courage to grab his hand and smile back warmly. His grin widens, matches yours, and the night is young.

Running through the halls, not making a sound, knowing you are under the safety of the Cloak, no idea where you are going, but not caring—you are with him.

You don't know whether to laugh or be faint with anticipation as he tries to lead you to the Astronomy Tower, but you know you don't want to go there. As much as his intentions are probably achingly noble, that spot won't be just yours and his... it won't be special. Taking the lead, you run off down another corridor, not sure where it leads but not really caring, either. Ankles are probably visible as you move quickly, feeling your love for him pump through you and the excitement of being out after curfew with

him, but it's no matter. Up a flight of stairs, down another hall, through an archway...

Suddenly you are pulled backwards behind a tapestry. It's the same place he and Ron found you and Dean, but his body pressing yours backwards into the cold stone wall and his mouth finding yours pushes the memory from your mind completely. All thoughts fly out of your head and you eagerly return the embrace.

His breath is warm and tastes like treacle tart, which somewhere in the back of your mind you know he eats after dinner in the Great Hall nearly every night. His lips are soft as they press tenderly against yours but rapidly the kiss deepens until you are almost crushed against the wall, the length of his body deliciously pressing against the length of yours.

Hot, breathless kisses. His hands—one trails to your hair, one to your hip. You've got both of your hands wrapped around his neck drawing him closer. After a few more moments of passion, he reluctantly breaks away, looking down at you, eyes glazed.

Every time, he stops. Doesn't want to get carried away. The rational part of you understands. Later. So you nod, and smile reassuringly at him, and he kisses you quickly once more and tugs you away to some place else in the castle. The night is still young.

You realize several minutes have gone by and you are several floors away from the hidden corridor. Lost in thoughts about how lucky you are... when did you become such a sap? And what the heck is he doing, just wandering the halls? You decide without much thought to make the night more exciting and whip the Cloak off.

He turns, eyes wide. You silence any protests with a kiss, stuffing it in his jacket pocket as you dance away. Your eyes are sparkling. You know they must be, for the danger and excitement is now at an all time high, and he is looking all at once frantic and amused and exasperated and like he wants to kiss you until you both have to break for oxygen. So he gives chase.

Holding back shrieks of surprise when he catches you and giggles from his hands at your sides, the game of cat and mouse continues for only minutes at a time as he decides to kiss you every time he catches you. Inevitably, you end up against another stone wall, this time breathless with laughter as triumph graces his features and he steals yet another kiss.

You break apart quickly as footsteps echo down the hall. He grabs your hand and together you start running down the corridor. You are still holding back laughter, adrenaline running through your veins and pulsing with the kisses and games you just shared, intimately feeling his hand holding yours as he searches for a hiding spot from whom you presume to be Filch in the moonlight. Either he's forgotten about the Cloak or doesn't want to ruin this moment. You decide upon the latter.

You stop him by dragging him backwards behind another statue as you run by it. Out of breath, his mouth next to your ear, he dares to whisper what you are doing, dares to make noise with Filch so close. Breathlessly giggling some more, you lean up to remind him what statue you now hide behind.

After looking around for a moment, his eyes actually twinkle mischievously in the moonlight, making a laugh escape you, reminding you both of his father and his godfather. His eyes widen at the sound, but his mouth upturns as well, and you know he's placing all effort into not laughing right along with you.

Only here with him, sharing a moment no one else will probably ever know about, knowing he wants to be here just as much as you... that makes it exciting, makes the smile feel permanently etched upon your face. Seeing all of this reflected in him makes your heart do an irregular, heavy tempo in your chest that, at least for now, you hope never slows.

The moment snaps when the footsteps are heard down around the corner and you both start. Quickly, he leaves you and walks three times up and down the corridor until a door appears and you both dash into it. Although Filch might have seen something disappear from the hallway, you gasp as you enter, and know there is no way Filch is getting through.

The largest and most cluttered room you've ever feasted your eyes upon is before you... but then he tugs your hand down an aisle and suddenly none of it catches your eye. He is running left, then right, then left again, his laughter now verbal as you've escaped present danger.

You start laughing with him, when, without warning, thoughts begin to run through your head *Remember this moment forever, for with the world in such chaos, what will tomorrow bring? Will he remember this when darkness surrounds him? Will he let me bring this to him when he needs it most? Will he let those who love him--*

He stops abruptly, trying to make you laugh and catch you off guard, but with those feelings crossing your mind you aren't playful anymore. You simply stare. How many people have commented on those blasted eyes of his? And yet, here they are, searching out your plain ones. You know he's actually still worried sometimes, scared even, that you might reject him, not accept him for who he is, even though there aren't many people who know him as well as you do. Men can be silly, blind and strange and unwilling to accept what someone gives them freely.

But as you stare at him, and he stares right back, you see it. The moment from earlier has passed, but it has transformed and blossomed into the greatest moment of your life, the one you thought would never come. He might not realize it, and it might be years before you hear it out loud, but in that moment, his eyes are telling you that he loves you.

But they are also telling you that some day soon, he's going to leave you. So you accept them both freely as both are part of who he is and part of why you love him so desperately. You try to communicate back simply, "I understand."